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How soon we are forgotten! Ex-President Cleveland killed 80 ducks on his recent expedition, but every reporter and camera fied in the country was down in the Mississippi swamps with Roosevelt.

The Memphis Scimitar's editorial had influence enough to prevent the Memphis militia companies turning out in honor of President Roosevelt. "It is true," it is true, "it is pity; and pity it is true!"

There does not seem to be much politics about the trusts. President Baer, of the anthracite combination, ostentatiously voted the straight Democratic ticket in the last election, as has been his custom since he became of age.

The idea of arbitration receives a rude shock in King Oscar's decision of all the points in the Samoan question against Great Britain and us, and in favor of Germany. King Oscar is too near the "mailed hand" of Kaiser Wilhelm.

In his report to the Secretary of the Interior, the Commissioner of Pensions makes the following recommendation, of which his superior approves: "I recommend the passage of a law that any man who is convicted in a court of an infamous crime should forfeit his pension or his right to one."

To veterans it seems strange that there was a necessity for such a recommendation. The granting of pensions is so wholly within the discretion of the Commissioner of Pensions, and pensions have been so continually refused for a thousand reasons less grave than this, that it comes as a surprise that the Commissioner should seek legal sanction for such extreme cases. The Act of June 27, 1890, expressly refused pensions to claimants who had been guilty of vicious misconduct, and it has been naturally supposed that a felony must be a bar to a pension of any kind. The veterans readily agree that the law should be passed.

NEW ORLEANS wants a Jim Crow law for street cars and other public conveyances, and wants it very badly. The trouble is as to its enforcement. In that city there has been carried to a greater extent than in any other in this country what Petroleum V. Nasby used to call "mellering down the cuss of Cain." The French and Spanish founders of the city had a great deal less of the antipathy to mingling their blood with the blacks than the Anglo-Saxon has, and consequently observers have differentiated and named as many as 22 different crosses between the races. Very many men who are quite dark have not a strain of negro blood in them, and it is as much as a conductor's life is worth for him to order them into the negro compartments. Yet it is the conductor's duty to place every man who has the smallest admixture of African blood in the Jim Crow department. A New Orleans Judge has therefore declared the law unconstitutional, because it is obviously unjust to require conductors to make discriminations which would puzzle experts.

FROM the Quartermaster General's Office comes the information that there is to be a very decided change in the uniforms furnished to the Filipino scouts and constabulary. For a time the Bureau began furnishing them uniforms they had to be drawn on the lines represented by the simple of the shirt sleeve over a bean pole. While these coffee-colored allies of ours were filled with a spirit of loyalty and love for American institutions, their torsos and limbs were of the rat-tail order of architecture, and required only a minimum of cloth to cover them. Now under the benign influences of Uncle Sam's full rations, regular hours, and a sufficiency of out-door exercise, the Filipino recruits are rounding out into voluptuous curves of leg and body, which require that their uniforms shall be built on much more generous lines, and the specifications sent out from the Quartermaster General's Office recognize and accept this pleasant fact. So Americanism is filling up the Filipino in more ways than one.

A BIT of deserved retribution was promptly administered to Douglas H. Pratt, the Recording Secretary of the Painters and Decorators' Union, who succeeded in having William Potter expelled from the Union for being a member of the National Guard, which assisted in preserving order during the recent strike. Potter is a young American, 25 years old, who served creditably during the Spanish-American War, and afterward entered the National Guard of New York. He obeyed the orders to his company for duty at the strike, was expelled from the Union, and lost his job of work. This immediately attracted attention to Mr. Douglas H. Pratt, who pretended to be a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and as such had employment on the Capitol at Albany. He claimed to have been a member of Co. M, 6th N. Y. Cav., but investigation showed that he never served in any New York organization, and a circular was issued of this fact by the Commander of the Department of New York, whereupon Mr. Pratt lost his job.

WHAT change is this which has come over the Sunny South like a Summer dream? First in South Carolina, long in fact so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary—an extreme case of the fire-eater, the code duello, and hair-trigger—public men began unpacking their hearts of curses like a drab at one another, without one of them being killed by his insults. While we are still marveling at this, in comes Arkansas, where the revolver and the Bowie knife have been always at hand to settle differences of opinion among gentlemen. Last week the Attorney-General of Arkansas, in official session, hotly criticized to his face no less a person than the Governor of Arkansas as a liar, with some profane adjectives, and the Governor meekly remarked that he had not been addressing the gentleman. As soon as we can recover from the strain of these events, we shall be prepared to hear that the State Capitals of South Carolina and Arkansas have become Quaker meeting houses.

CRITICISM OF PENSION REFUSERS.

A metropolitan newspaper refers triumphantly to a publication about a year old in the Forum, in which the following statement appears:

"There are now probably 50,000 men in the United States—a pretty fair sized army—who draw their livelihood largely from procuring pensions. They include solicitors, claim agents, and a class of touters, or pullers-in, as they would be called in an old-fashioned district. There are also traveling men—'drummers'—for commercial houses furnishing the model. The whole lot are dignified with the title of attorney, whereas comparatively few have any knowledge of law."

It seems incredible that in face of official reports such outlandish statements should go into circulation as that above quoted. There seems to be an effort on the part of many to make out that the Pension Bureau is being controlled and harassed by a class of men who are robbing both the Government and the soldier. Never was a statement wider from the truth, more maliciously made, and more wrongfully reiterated. The lawyers of the Pension Office are like the lawyers of other tribunals; they are necessary in the presentation of cases that have any complexity.

The people of the United States trust their lawyers, else they would not send so many of them to Congress, to the Legislatures, and to fill so many other offices.

From reading the above statement it will be seen that the charge is made that 50,000 people draw their livelihood largely from procuring pensions. For a man to draw his livelihood largely from any business would mean that he draws perhaps \$1,000 a year from it. This is a fair interpretation of the above, which would make it appear that the so-called "pension sharks" get about \$500,000,000 a year in fees out of the United States Treasury.

The article cited says that these payments are only made when pensions are granted. It is well known that all fees are paid by the United States, from the pensioner's pension.

It is also well known that Congress has enacted a law fixing the amount of fees and making it criminal to take any other than such as is paid by the United States; therefore, the official reports can be relied upon to show how much the United States has paid in attorneys' fees.

It will be found that the following is the payment in 1901, \$301,245. The years of 1900 and 1899 were even less than this, as was also the year of 1902; hence, by giving the highest annual payment in four years it will be found that the 50,000 persons referred to got less than \$12 apiece per annum.

How 50,000 men can get an average of \$12 apiece and be said to draw the greatest part of their livelihood from pensions, is a matter very difficult to understand, and when the implication dwindle from \$500,000,000 to less than \$600,000, it plainly appears that the writer of the magazine article deliberately intended to deceive his readers, and to place a falsehood in circulation, because the official figures have been broadly and openly published year after year.

Pension attorneys are a reputable class of citizens, and to say an average of less than \$12 a year makes the burden of their livelihood preposterous.

Like all other attorneys, they may, perhaps, be zealous for their clients, but it is the duty of the Pension Bureau, as it is of any other tribunal or of any court, to see that justice is done without reference to anything but cold law and cold evidence, disregarding clamor or importunity.

In the last official report of the Pension Commissioner it is shown that if there were an attorney for every case in the Bureau that the attorneys would average only \$4.86 per case, which it will be admitted is a rather small average for cases that hang for adjudication and readjudication year after year; and this more especially as the attorneys work gratuitously in the 100,000 rejections that are yearly made in the Pension Bureau.

THE AUSTRIAN SUCCESSION.

The matter of the succession to the throne of Austria-Hungary has been of grave importance to the peace of Europe for many years. The Empire is a patchwork affair, made up of a number of discordant and jarring races and peoples. They have utterly refused to assimilate during the centuries they have been together, and, today, their feeling against one another seems even more bitter than ever. They are broadly classed as Germans, Magyars and Slavs, though each of these comprises several of what was formerly a little kingdom or dukedom, having a separate national existence, and each is embittered with centuries of antipathies and wars against the others. For example, the Poles and Bohemians are both Slavs, but they have generally been enemies. And so it is with the Croats, Slavonians, Thyrans, Bosnians, Transylvanians, Styrians, etc.

It is said that an officer in the Imperial Army ought to know 13 different languages. The Emperor of Austria-Hungary has this accomplishment, and can speak to each division of his peoples in their own tongue. The Hungarians are of the same blood as the Turks, and are still further separated from the others by a tendency towards Protestantism, while the rest are Roman Catholics. The German element is the best educated, most intelligent, and only the policy of the Empire, but of much the greater part of the wealth, commerce, and business. The Germans regard the Slavs with very much the feeling that our Southerners do the negroes, and bitterly resent the idea of their having any sort of control. The Slavs, who are akin to the Russians, are numerically much the stronger, and have for years been getting together with a view to wielding an influence proportionate to their numbers. On the other hand, Hungary is ruled by the Magyars, a brilliant, turbulent, war-like race, who hate the Germans and despise the Slavs. They have succeeded in making Hungary all but independent of the rest of the Empire, and carried "State's Rights" to an extreme that would have delighted the soul of Calhoun. Hungary has her own laws, custom houses, railroads, and other public functions, and simply unites with the Empire for common defense, contributing her share of the army, and a certain proportion of public expenses, called the "Ausgleich." The renewal of the agreement for this has been the occasion of the recent bitter wrangling which caused the dissolution of Parliament. The Slav countries, led by the Czechs, have demanded that they should be given the same degree of independence as Hungary. The Empire is only held together by the person of the Emperor, or, as it is called, "The Crown of St. Stephen." He is now a very old man, and his heir committed suicide some years ago on account of an intrigue. It has looked as if the dissolution of the

Empire was inevitable any day that the Emperor died, and the question of where the pieces would go involved the peace of Europe. Russia would try to secure the Slav fragments, and Germany to incorporate the Germans, which could not help producing bloody war.

Of course, every effort has been made to provide a successor to avert in some way, or at least postpone, this struggle. The recent news gives some hopes of this. The Emperor has no male descendants, and consequently the succession will go to those of his brothers. The nearest to the throne contracted a morganatic marriage by which he renounced forever for himself and heirs all rights of succession. The 15-year-old son of another brother has now been brought forward as the successor, and an agreement is being made which, it is hoped, will secure this and the peace of Europe, though there is considerable dissatisfaction expressed at the selection. His family and he are supposed to be too Anti-German to please the German element, and too clerical to suit the Anti-Romanian majority. The situation is exceedingly delicate, and the death of the old Emperor, who is now in his 73d year, may plunge Europe into a terrible war any day.

AGED CLERKS.

In his report to the Secretary of the Interior the Commissioner of Pensions says: "I have in my Bureau many worthy employees who have served their country and who are suffering from the disability of war and age. It will be only a very short time before there will be in my Bureau 500 persons who will be practically incapacitated from the discharge of their duties devolving upon them in the adjudication of pension claims. Congress should make some arrangement by which these men can be retired from duty. They must be taken care of. To discharge them in large numbers as soon as they have become unserviceable, which will be very soon, would cause very great pain and suffering. It is better to have 500 supernumerary clerks could be retired and 100 young men put in their places. I could very greatly improve the service and augment its speed, besides saving much money."

This is not a condition peculiar to the Pension Bureau, but applies equally to every other Department of the public service. All the Departments were greatly enlarged during and immediately after the rebellion, and a great number of clerks brought in who are now approaching old age, if they have not already attained that. A very large proportion of these are veterans or veterans' widows, who were given positions in recognition of meritorious service to the country. During all these years they have made the very best of clerks, and in many instances have been so valuable as to be indispensable. In spite of the pressure of the Civil Service the class of employees now brought in is not up to the average of the clerks who came in directly from military and naval service. They took the civil service of the United States, which was then in a formative and unsatisfactory condition, and built it up to the very best civil service in the world. This was before the Civil Service Commission began its operations. While a very large percentage of these clerks are still doing superior work—possibly the best that they ever did—a certain proportion of them are suffering from failing powers, and all must look forward to the time when it shall be true of each of them. The question is therefore a burning one in every way as to what shall be done.

This was settled some years ago in the army and navy by retiring naval officers at 62, and army officers at 64, on three-fourths of their active pay. The justice of doing something like this for the clerks has been apparent to everyone, but so far all efforts to establish a system of retirement have been frustrated by the repugnance of the people to the establishment of a civil pension list, such as other civilized countries have. Yet the man or woman who has given 30 or 40 years to perfecting himself or herself in the requirements of the Government's clerical business, is as untrained for other occupations as an officer in the army or navy would be, and deserves equal consideration. It goes without question that it is good public policy for the Government to encourage honesty and fidelity, by the assurance to the clerk that in his old age he shall not be turned out to starve. The clerks themselves have from time to time made strong efforts to organize retirement associations, but these have invariably been defeated by the greed of the younger, who do not want to give up any portion of their present salaries to provide a fund for the retirement of the older clerks.

The Commissioner of Pensions recommends that Congress shall take this matter up and provide for it by special legislation, and the Secretary of the Interior indorses his recommendation. That Congress should do this seems to us beyond question. It is strongly in line with the experience of all other countries, and leaving out entirely the humane side, the expediency of the thing in encouraging the very best to enter the public service hardly needs demonstration.

A RECENT PENSION DECISION. Oct. 13, 1899, Eli Change, private, Co. K, 142d N. Y., filed a claim for increase of pension. Claimant was pensioned at \$17 per month for gunshot wound of back, right thigh, and right hand. He claimed increase for resulting nervous derangement, dizziness of head, and heart trouble. The application was rejected June 6, 1900, on the ground that "his present rate is fully commensurate with the degree of disability shown from the causes for which he was pensioned."

He appealed. The Commissioner, Raub, gave it as his opinion "that the condition of the pensioner is due in part to rheumatism and disease of the heart and nervous system, which are not results of the pensioned disabilities." Commissioner Evans indorsed this.

Claimant filed an appeal June 14, 1900. The decision upon the appeal rendered by Assistant Secretary Campbell is, in part, as follows:

"The weight of evidence appears to sustain the claimant's contention, and from a lay point of view it seems highly probable that a man who has had a portion of his spinal column shot away by a shell, and a shot through the thigh, and a final taken off by the bursting of a shell, all in one battle, might be affected with some nervous trouble as a result. After a careful review of the case it is the conclusion of the Department that the recommendation of the Board of Examining Surgeons should be given a rating of \$30 per month. The action of the Bureau is, therefore, reversed and the case returned for adjudication in conformity with the opinion herein expressed."

The rapid and excessive fluctuations in the price of silver are forcing even Mexico to a gold basis. Last week the price of gold advanced up to 171, the highest ever known, and the business men find it impossible to continue without a more stable basis.

Si and the Boys of Co. Q.
On the March through the Carolinas

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On to Fayetteville—The Big Battle Did Not Come Off, But There Was Some Lively Skirmishing.

Well, this is to be our day," said the Adjutant, with eager impatience, coming around to where the boys were eating breakfast, after the regiment had returned to camp. "Old Jeff, C. has been kicking lively about the Army of the Tennessee, gaining all the honors, and so the Fourteenth Corps is to lead the way into Fayetteville. And the 200th Ind. is to have the place of honor on the left, which will swing around into the city. Get through your breakfasts as quick as you can, boys, and move down that road. The regiment will follow, and as soon as we strike anything solid, we'll go into line, and connect with the Oshkosh fellows on our right. The rest of the brigade will follow up as a reserve."

"Do you understand that old Beaugard, or Thingumbob, or Hardee, or Soft D, or whatever the rebel name is, is going to wait for us, out there behind Beaver River, Adjutant?" asked Shorty, draining his coffee cup and blowing away in his haversack, which he threw across his shoulder.

"That's according to the latest returns, but you never can tell," answered the Adjutant. "If the rebels ever intend to fight for anything though, this is about their last chance. If they keep on retreating they will soon have to crawl under Jeff Davis's bed."

"Saddle up and lead out, boys," commanded Si, after a rapid inspection of the cartridge boxes. "Each of you had better put at least 20 rounds in your pockets. We may need 'em all before night."

Mrs. Wimple, thronged in the rocking chair which Shorty had brought in and engaged in admiringly examining with Otterbein Kramer in regard to the good things he was pressing upon her, had caught enough of the portentousness of the Adjutant's visit to sober and alarm her. She stood staring at theAdjutant's side, and rising, watched intently for a minute, and listened.

"Well, so long, boys," said the Adjutant, turning to go back to the regiment. "Jump quick and hard on anything you strike, and run them back as far as you can. The regiment will be at your heels. We must push things, and be in Fayetteville before night. Let's show the Army of the Tennessee how the Fourteenth Corps does things. Take care of yourselves."

"Thank you. We will, and you'll hear from us before we're an hour older," blithely answered Si.

Consternation showed in Mrs. Wimple's face.

"What's this? What's this?" she exclaimed, taking a few nervous steps toward them. "Do I understand that you are going into battle?"

"Never can tell, ma'am," responded Shorty, who was very uncertain at this season of the year.

"Don't be a mite worried, ma'am," said Si, soothingly, as he filled up his pockets with the copper cartridges, and handed them to her. "You'll all be perfectly safe. No harm shall come to you or your children. Otterbein, Kramer will look after you. You'll be far in the rear, and away from any fighting."

"I wasn't thinking about myself, or even my children, but you gentlemen," she answered, with her face growing paler every instant. "Is it possible that you are going where you may be all killed or wounded?"

"Now, please don't be worried, ma'am," pleaded Si. "I ain't anything to fret over."

"It's our little bit," added Shorty. "It's nothing to be disturbed about."

"But you are going into battle—to bloodshed," she repeated in agonized tones.

"That depends on Mr. Beaugard, or Thingumbob," Shorty endeavored to console her. "This mayn't be his day for bloodshed. He may have other knittings, and before them Oshkosh will be in the town. Something's got to happen before we go a mile farther, and it's our business to start it to happen. We can't let the brigade run off to a line-fight without any warning."

"You're mighty right. We'd better lit them fellows gathering there at the bridge mighty quick and hard, before any more come up, and before them Oshkosh fellows do. I think those rebels are scheming to stand us all off until they can get the bridge ready to burn, and then run back on the north side. Other roads, leading in from the west, southwest, south and southeast, converged at the bridge, and on each of these was a squad of rebels, ready to advance of a squad of Union bums."

The 1st Oshkosh squad, next to the right, on the road leading from the west, was the nearest of all to the bridge. Far over to the right, on the south road, was a squad led by a dashing officer, making desperate efforts to get first to the bridge. The officer had long hair, a broad-brimmed hat, gray coat, blue trousers, and high boots, and rode a horse that jumped like a deer. Si and Shorty recognized him as a Chief Scout at Corps Headquarters.

The 1st Oshkosh squad dismounted, had been skimming from behind fences with a much larger party of rebels, across a deep, sluggish branch that flowed through the fields at the foot of the ridge on which the camp was located. Other roads, leading in from the west, southwest, south and southeast, converged at the bridge, and on each of these was a squad of rebels, ready to advance of a squad of Union bums."

Seeing help coming, the Oshkosh boys were now running to their horses to make a bold dash across the little bridge over the branch into the midst of their enemies, and reach the main bridge before anybody else.

In front of Si the stream, which was crossed by a similar structure, curved downward for 100 yards or more behind the camp, and then turned to the right. The line of that on the road on which the Wisconsin boys were advancing. The rebels there greatly outnumbered Si's squad, more were coming up, and they had the advantage of a shelter of logs and fences from which to fire effectively upon mounted men coming down the road.

Eager to be even with, and if possible ahead of the Wisconsin boys, Si and his squad started on a trot down the hill, to break into gallop as they came nearer the bridge, when the rebel force would be close and deadly. They had not reached this point, however, when there was a crash over on the right, a savage yell of triumph from the rebels, and a fearful volley. Looking in that direction, they saw that the rebels had made a trap for the Wisconsin boys, by cutting the timbers of the bridge across the branch so that they gave way when the horses were massed upon it, and nearly the whole squad tumbled into the deep mud and water, where the rebels were mercilessly "potting" them.

Another glance showed that the bridge they were about to cross had been chopped in the same way, to prepare a similar trap for them.

Si had wondered, as they had swept forward, why the rebels had not opened fire, and now he understood, as by a flash of lightning.

"Halt! Bout face!" he yelled at the top of his voice, and the boys trained to instant obedience by a thousand emergencies, each threw his horse back on his hanches, and whirled him about with a suddenness that took the rebels by surprise, preventing them pointing in at once the volley they had been waiting for.

The next instant they were dashing back toward the ridge, followed by the derisive yell and long-distance shots from the disappointed enemy, who began moving over to help complete the destruction of the Wisconsin boys.

"Turn off to the left into the timber there, Sandy and Pete," shouted Si to the

boys, who were leading the retreat, as they approached the foot of the ridge, where, springing from their horses, they opened such a terrific fire at short range upon the rebels, that the latter were stunned, and began rushing back for the shelter of the ridge near the bridge, while the Oshkosh boys pulled themselves and their horses out of the slough.

Looking far over to the right, Si saw the Chief Scouts still pushing the fight forward vigorously against the forces continually gathering against him. He was drawing in squads as he advanced, but the rebels were getting together more men than he, and had the advantage of the ground.

"Shorty," said Si, taking hasty counsel with him, as they moved toward the bridge, "I believe that if we skirt around there to the west, we can find the head of this branch, and come in to the bridge in the rear of these welps."

"It looks like it," answered Shorty, closing his magazine with a snap, and hastily taking in the lay of the land. "There's no use of our going down there where the others are. They're not able to get cross

the branch, and they're firing at long range, while we are doing a particle of good. Let's find some place where we can get in some folks. The sun's getting high, and the battle hasn't begun yet. If we're going to get to Fayetteville today things have got to move livelier than they've been doing."

"We've got to clear the way for the regiment, which can't be far away by this time," said Si. "Pete, when we get back to the road, ride back till you find the regiment, and tell the Colonel what's up. Report, as a suggestion from me, that the pioneers be advanced to shore up that bridge over the branch, and that the regiment may move right on to the creek. Forward—Trot!"

They rode rapidly along the ridge, until they came to where they could cross the branch, and presently came out on a clear hillside overlooking the roads and the bridge. The Chief Scouts had succeeded in passing the branch, and forcing the rebels back to the last ridge in front of the bridge. There they were making a most obstinate stand, while some of their number were piling lightwood and brush on the bridge to burn it.

To Si's intense amazement and disgust, there were, between him and the end of the bridge, a high rail fence, overgrown with vines, briars and brush, and another wide, sluggish branch, made still wider by the water backing up from the swollen creek.

Shorty raged at the discovery, as if it had been some malignant and wholly unnecessary obstacle, and the rebels to balk them in a praiseworthy design. But Si, always striving to make the very best of everything, matched the fence down, and rushed his men through, to pour a fearful volley into the midst of the rebels.

"All right. I see him, and I'll fetch him before he can get to the bridge," responded his partner.

"Take good aim, boys, and make every shot count," Si commanded. "Don't let a man of them get back to the bridge. The more of 'em you fetch now, the less trouble they'll give us later."

"Dod-gan! Jee-ho-ho-ho! I've dropped another innocent man," exclaimed Shorty, after trying another shot. "And that fellow's still a-comin'. I've got to settle him by plain bull muscle."

He sprang down the slope, waded across the branch, and ran in among the rebels pressing on to the bridge, knocking down with his carbine such as impeded him. He saw his man drop his brand, grab up some mud to soothe the pain in his burned hands, pick up the brand again, and make a final rush for the bridge. Shorty strained himself to intercept him, but the man flung the blazing knif into the fire-like brush just before Shorty knocked him down with his carbine barrel.

A comrade of the rebel cavalry galloped up to the Chief Scout, and instantly in a fierce blaze, with Shorty dashing his head and the stuff off into the water, aided by those foragers who had come up on the other roads.

Some of these had the forethought to break off cedar bushes, which they dipped into the water, and beat out the flames.

Not stopping to help save the bridge, the Chief of Scouts had rushed on with his own squad after the retreating rebels. Si renounced his squad, and led them back up the hill, to get around the branch and onto the bridge.

From there he saw the Chief Scout rush on into Fayetteville, driving the rebels before him down the principal street, to a building from which a number of officers, out of this, jumped on their horses, and with sharp commands, forced the fugitive about.

A comrade of the rebel cavalry galloped up and joined them. There was a terrific hand-to-hand fight, for a minute or two, with sabers, revolvers and carbine barrels, in which the Chief Scout's party was simply overborne. Several were killed, and he and the rest were knocked off their horses and killed.

It was all done so quickly that the men still at the bridge did not realize what was going on, and could not be reached by comrades if they had tried. Si rushed down from the hill, and started the men at the bridge forward.

The men saw the retreating rebels, and the foragers rushing across the bridge, and turning, galloped back through and out of the town.

Gaining the head of the men from the bridge, Si met two Union soldiers who had been sent early in the fight, with a squad of prisoners, and so had escaped the defeat of their comrades.

"You Yanks sartintly did wake up a hornet's nest thar in town that you'ns wasn't spectin'," chuckled one of the prisoners, as Si pushed them for a brief interrogatory as to the situation.

"How's that?" inquired Si.

"Old Wade Hampton an' a passel of his officers, they was thar, and they was answered the prisoner, "when you'ns phlootiated into town and began raising a ruction. It was old Hampton himself that come close by thar, and asked the men to make his horse with his sword. Old Wade is jes' lightnin' with a sword. I tell you, he's killed more'n 20 Yanks himself, with his own hand."

"Wonder where he's gone? I'd like to meet him," said the mud-battered Shorty, looking after the retreating rebels. "Yanks-killers of that style are my particular interest."

"Where is your army?" Si inquired.

"Done gone," answered the prisoner. "Done scooted out last night. Nobody left but us interlocked, to watch you'ns. In fantry and artillery all marchin' for Goldsboro now."

Si pushed forward, and found the foragers swarming into the town by every road, closely followed by the rebels. Everybody was making all haste for the bridge across Cape Fear River, but before they could get there Wade Hampton had crossed and set the town on fire.

"And this is the Cape Fear River," said Si, looking down at the broad stream. "This is to bring us news from home."

"Only 12 o'clock," remarked Shorty, as the black smoke in the arsenal tower tolled forth noon. "Well, I must say that its been a tolerably busy forenoon."

(To be continued.)

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"Where is your army?" Si inquired.

"Done gone," answered the prisoner. "Done scooted out last night. Nobody left but us interlocked, to watch you'ns. In fantry and artillery all marchin' for Goldsboro now."

Si pushed forward, and found the foragers swarming into the town by every road, closely followed by the rebels. Everybody was making all haste for the bridge across Cape Fear River, but before they could get there Wade Hampton had crossed and set the town on fire.

"And this is the Cape Fear River," said Si, looking down at the broad stream. "This is to bring us news from home."

"Only 12 o'clock," remarked Shorty, as the black smoke in the arsenal tower tolled forth noon. "Well, I must say that its been a tolerably busy forenoon."

(To be continued.)

PERSONAL.

Comrade Norm G. Cooper, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was one of the old boys of Co. E, 24th N. Y., who heartily enjoyed the G. A. R. Encampment. He and his chum, Serg't Reuben Terpening,